

EXT. AN INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - EARLY MORNING

THERE IS SILENCE WHILE EXTERIOR SHOTS OF AN INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE SET A SOMEWHAT MELANCHOLY MOOD.

OPENING CREDITS

INT. CLASSROOM - EARLY MORNING

THERE IS A CRUCIFIX ON THE STAINED WALL. SOME OF THE PAINT ON THE WALL IS CHIPPED.

MR. WAFFLE ignores the class because it is not time to start yet.

The bell rings with an eardrum-piercing abruptness.

MR. WAFFLE

Welcome back to homeroom. I hope everybody had a satisfactory Christmas break. First we will wait for announcements. Then, we will pray and I will send you all off to your classes for the day.

There is a moment which begins as an ordinary period of waiting, but quickly escalates into nothing but a long awkward silence as they all exercise their patience.

There is a LOUD SOUND that blasts on the INTERCOM and STOPS abruptly, as if it broke. In reaction, the STUDENTS SQUIRM in their seats and many COVER THEIR EARS.

Subtly, this reaction to the sound DOES NOT INCLUDE MARTIN as he sits with a PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE kind of PATIENT INNOCENCE.

MR. WAFFLE waits for a moment.

MR. WAFFLE

They might be come on in just a second here... (gestures to intercom)

Another short moment passes.

MR. WAFFLE

I guess, then, we'll just move on to prayer.

Everybody puts their hands together for prayer.

MR. WAFFLE

Is there anything in particular that someone would like to start our prayer off with?

BETH

My mother...

MR. WAFFLE

Oh, just remember to raise your hand for me to call on you. (Gestures for her to continue)

Beth just stops and doesn't continue her prayer. She is trying not to cry.

MR. WAFFLE

Beth...? (Oblivious to the fact that he appears to be offending her somehow) Is that all?

Beth gulps and closes her eyes.

Martin realizes Beth's sadness.

Martin raises his hand and clears his throat to distract Mr. Waffle from Beth.

MR. WAFFLE

Alright, Beth. Your mother has our prayers. (Turns to look at Martin) Martin.

MARTIN

I would like to pray for that girl who disappeared from a few miles from here.

MR. WAFFLE

Certainly Martin. She has our prayers.

MARTIN

By any chance, do you remember what her name is again?

MR. WAFFLE

No, I'm sorry Martin. I'm afraid I don't remember her name at the moment.

Beth has a tear running down her face. She has her face tilted down and continues to make an effort not to make a scene as she attempts to hold back her tears.

Martin briefly gives Beth a look of acknowledgment, a serious facial expression. He is unsure whether she notices, and he turns back to minding his own business.

Beth is not looking at Martin, but her facial expression suggests that she saw Martin's acknowledgment.

STUDENT 1
I heard she got abducted.

STUDENT 2
I think her parents abandoned her in Colorado.

STUDENT 3
Why would you think that?

STUDENT 2
Because it's legal.

STUDENT 3
Oh.

STUDENT 4
What's abducted?

STUDENT 1
Kidnapped, stupid.

STUDENT 3
Wait... It's legal to abandon your kid in Colorado?

STUDENT 2
That's what I've heard.

Martin has a blank expression on his face as he sits there in the midst of the almost monotone discussion, while he sits and stares up ahead, beyond Mr. Waffle.

Beth wipes the tear from her eye and looks ahead at Mr. Waffle, as if she has pulled herself together somewhat.

Mr. Waffle is about to speak, growing tired of any discussion which he, himself, does not facilitate.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

A school official's legs, dressed quite formally, can be seen walking down the hallway, toward the camera.

The footsteps echo through the school.

They stop and turn toward a door in the hallway.

INT. HOMEROOM - MORNING

MR. WAFFLE
Please, class. That is enough. We
must return to prayer.

There is a knocking sound on the door.

Mr. Waffle, baffled by who would be knocking, gets up to
open it.

A school official (the principal?) is there.

MR. WAFFLE
Oh, hello Principal Rainwater.

PRINCIPAL
Good morning Mr. Waffle, (nods and
turns head toward rest of class)
students.

MR. WAFFLE
We were just praying, but please
come in. We just assumed since there
were no announcements, we should
carry on with our morning rituals.

PRINCIPAL
Ah, yes. I see. Well, I am here to
deliver the announcements in person
today since we are having technical
difficulties with the intercom
system.

MR. WAFFLE
Alright then. Go right ahead. We
would like that very much.

PRINCIPAL
Well, students, and Mr. Waffle, a
student here has lost a family
member recently...

Beth is finally unable to hold it back and begins balling.

Martin looks at the principal shamefully.

CALEB
Look what you did now. You made her
cry.

PRINCIPAL

That will be all for this morning.
 (He's obviously very uncomfortable,
 he almost pretends he didn't notice
 Beth crying. It would be impossible
 to truly avoid noticing though)

The principal slips out of the room somewhat hesitantly, yet quickly.

Martin looks at Beth.

Beth has her head down and she's crying.

Martin, then, looks at Mr. Waffle. Martin's expression while looking at Mr. Waffle looks like he's trying way too hard not to get very furious. He looks as if he's going to scold the teacher in a stern way, but it wasn't all the teacher's fault.

After all the silence, Mr. Waffle is about to say something to break the silence. The drama builds, cutting back and forth between their faces. Finally, Mr. Waffle notices Martin and makes eye contact.

Abruptly, the bell rings, right as Mr. Waffle was about to say something.

MR. WAFFLE

Looks like we're out of time...
 (relieved that he doesn't have to
 come up with anything to say now,
 but pretending it's too bad they
 couldn't finish homeroom rituals)

Everybody is already up and halfway out of the classroom before the bell even finishes ringing.

MR. WAFFLE

Everybody have a good day. (He knows
 nobody is paying attention)

MARTIN

Amen. (Sarcastically, annoyed, he
 says this to himself under his
 breath as he shuffles out the door
 with the flood of other students)

INT. MATH CLASS - MID MORNING

Martin and Adrien sit in the back, left corner of the classroom. The teacher rambles and writes on the board at the front, right side of the room.

ADRIEN

Hey, Martin. (Nudges him, trying not to be noticed by the teacher)

MARTIN

Just a sec... (tries to finish scribbling a whole page in his notebook out with the graphite of his pencil. Able only to finish off one section, he looks up and shakes out his achy hand) Adrien?

ADRIEN

Wha...? (Distracted by an anti-sex poster on the wall) Oh. Yeah... I forgot what I was going to say. Damn it... (looks up to close his eyes and think hard)

MARTIN

I hate it when that happens.

ADRIEN

(opens his eyes and, by chance, notices the intercom speaker mounted up on the wall, nods) Oh yeah, Martin. Guess what...

Martin is already looking at Adrien, waiting for him to tell him something.

ADRIEN

I know what's wrong with the intercom system.

MARTIN

Really...? (Showing just a little bit of interest)

ADRIEN

Yeah, it's pretty dumb. I was in the office yesterday because I had to give them a note from my mom, and I saw the microphone plugged into this box with a bunch of inputs. And there are these buttons to switch it to different inputs... which, by the way, is pointless because they only really use one input for the microphone for announcements and stuff... but anyway, either the microphone got plugged into the

wrong input, or someone must've switched it on to some inputs or something.

MARTIN

How do you know it doesn't just have something wrong with it...? I mean, what makes you think it's not the right input or whatever?

ADRIEN

Well, 'cause there are little, like, LED lights by the little input things. You know...? And, there were like a few of them lit up, but not the one that's by the input that the mike is plugged into.

MARTIN

Huh. Wow dude. Why didn't you just tell them while you were there?

ADRIEN

I dunno. I guess it's just like a stupid thing I would assume anyone would be able to fix.

MARTIN

Yeah, you're right. The technology teachers here are kind of dumb-asses though.

ADREIN

This is true...

There's a short pause while they don't really have anything to say. The math teacher continues to ramble, write and graph shit in the background.

MARTIN

I guess morning announcements suck anyway. So it's not like I really care... it's just that Mr. Rainwater had to come into my homeroom this morning. It was pretty bad.

ADRIEN

Yeah? What happened?

MARTIN

Well, Beth was sad... you know... because her mom died. I mean, of course she's going to be not feeling so great.

ADRIEN

Oh my god... (thinks he can see where the story is going)

MARTIN

Yeah, Mr. Rainwater knows about it and everything, but he's just an oblivious old dick... so he comes in there and he's, like, doing announcements. But, Beth is in my homeroom and she's already practically on the verge of balling.

ADRIEN

Jesus Christ, man. What an asshole.

MARTIN

I know. And he practically shouts it. I mean... way to rub it into her face. I'm like... seriously. Did he just do that? Then he notices... after she starts crying like crazy. So then he makes some dumb excuse to go away and doesn't even apologize. He pretended like it didn't even happen. Like he didn't even notice.

ADRIEN

What the fuck dude. I can only take so much of this bullshit.

MARTIN

I know. Actually, you know, I don't know if I can take it anymore at all. This goddamn school is really starting to piss me off.

ADRIEN

Tell me about it.

Martin sighs.

ADRIEN

But what are you gonna do... you know. If we try and do anything about it, we're not going to get anywhere.

MARTIN

At least that's what they tell us.

ADRIEN

Well, yeah. It's not like our parents are going to let us

home-school or do any shit like
that...

Martin gives an acknowledging nod.

ADRIEN

I probably would get really annoyed
with homeschooling too anyway. I'd
always be around my parents.
(Shutters)

MARTIN

I don't know man, though. Another
year of this... I just don't know. I
don't think so.

The teacher still writes equations, draws graphs, and
rambles, at the front of the classroom, with the blackboard.

ADRIEN

I guess I'll see how Beth's doing
next hour.

MARTIN

What's that? Next hour, I mean...
what do we have?

ADRIEN

Oh, uh, today...? Let's see...
(Takes a folded up schedule from his
pocket) Here... Um... History. I
think. (Looking at schedule)

CUT

INT. HISTORY CLASS - LATE MORNING

Mrs. Shell, the teacher, is at the front of the class
lecturing about the Medici out of a textbook. (Paraphrase a
bunch of really dry information about the Medici for these
lines)

There is a big sword mounted on the wall as a historically-
themed piece of decor.

ADRIEN

Hey, Beth... (taps Beth's desk with
his foot) Beth...

BETH

What...? (Stops taking notes and
turns to face Adrien)

ADRIEN

Everything going alright?

BETH

Yes, Adrien. I'm fine. I've just been a bit tired this morning is all.

ADRIEN

Right. OK. I just thought I'd see what was up. Martin had just mentioned that you seemed a little down this morning.

BETH

It's alright. Let me just take my notes, OK? (Starts taking notes and realizes Adrien is still sitting there, unsatisfied. She turns around to clear it up with him) Really, Adrien. I mean, I'll get over it. (Smiles a bit at him)

ADRIEN

OK. (Nods for her to continue) I guess that's good then. Just talk to me if you're feeling not good or something.

Martin, in another part of the classroom, raises his hand.

Mrs. Shell looks up and sees him, but then looks down and just continues to ramble about the Medici. She just ignores him intentionally.

Martin grows frustrated. After a while of still attempting to get the teachers attention again, he puts his hand down. A while after sitting there, tapping his leg up and down rapidly and being really annoyed, he gestures to Adrien.

Adrien notices Martin and looks over at him.

Martin gestures that he needs to go to the bathroom.

Adrien gestures to Martin that he should raise his hand.

Martin gestures that the teacher just doesn't even acknowledge that he's there, and that he already did and the teacher ignored him.

Adrien makes a stumped gesture. Then, he makes a sort of gesture that suggests he's thinking. Then, he gestures that Martin should just get up and go.

Martin makes a gesture of uncertainty. Then he makes a

gesture that suggests he might as well just try and go for it, suggesting he's got nothing to lose by trying to leave for the bathroom. So, then, he does get up and start walking casually for the door.

Mrs. Shell gives martin a stern look.

MARTIN

It's an emergency. (Grins and nods to her to continue her lecture)

MRS. SHELL

Martin! Where do you think you are going? Sit! Now.

MARTIN

Mrs. Shell! What gives you the right to treat me like a dog? Read! Now. (Whips around and continues out the room)

MRS. SHELL

I'm calling the principal, mister!

MARTIN

Really! (Turns around) Hey, what a great idea! Why don't you call him every time I go to take a piss! I bet he'd really love to hear all about it. Keep him on the phone, I'd like to talk to him about my urination when I'm through. Thanks! (Power-walks away with a highly-sarcastic grin on his face, which turns to a menacingly serious expression as he gets out of the classroom)

Mrs. Shell is already dialing the principal.

Martin spots an emergency fire-alarm lever in the hallway.

Mrs. Shell is on the phone with the principal.

MRS. SHELL

Mary Shell. Room three-o-three. Yes, I need Principal Rainwater immediately. Could you please send him down here?

Martin arrives in the Boys Room. When he gets in, he decides to lock the door so nobody comes in to pull him out. He takes his precious time at the urinal, whizzing and whistling a delightful made-up tune.

MARTIN

You know, I just made that up. Right here. I'm makin' it up as I go along. While I take a piss. (Talking to himself)

The principal marches down the hallway and arrives at room 303, the history classroom.

Martin is just zipping up.

MARTIN

You know... (zips up and walks to the sinks) That makes me feel pretty good about myself. Maybe I should be a musician. (Looks at himself in the mirror as he washes up) Not a bad idea. I'm not bad looking either. (Poses in the mirror)

Back where the principal is talking to Mrs. Shell...

PRINCIPAL

What is is Mrs. Shell? Is there a problem?

MRS. SHELL

Yes, well. He got away. (panicked)

PRINCIPAL

Settle down. Who...? Who got away?

MRS. SHELL

Martin. He got up while I was teaching and just insulted me, right to my face, and then he ran away...

PRINCIPAL

Where? Did he tell you where he was going, Mary?

MRS. SHELL

He said he was going to the bathroom... in fact, he used a horrible word for it... for what he was going to do in there. (On the verge of crying)

PRINCIPAL

I will get him, Mary, don't you worry. Just stay right here and hold tight, OK? These good Christians will look after you while I take care of that misbehaved child.

(Bravely walks off quickly toward
the Boys Room)

Martin is leaving the boys room, and he can hear the footsteps echoing down the hallway, coming toward him. He freezes and looks around himself for a very brief moment when he immediately spots the fire-alarm again. He dashes for it to pull it, then he promptly starts running down the hall, away from the sound of the footsteps as fast as he can.

The principal, at the sound of the alarm, freezes and looks up to see the flashing fire-lights. He begins walking more quickly, as he turns the corner he sees Martin, at the end of the hallway, rushing around the corner all the way at the end of the hallway. Furious, he begins to run as fast as he can after Martin.

Martin, halfway down the next hallway already, hears the footsteps getting more rapid and turns around to see the principal charging toward him. The next door he sees is the office of the principal, and he darts into it and locks it.

The microphone input box is on the desk.

Martin goes to the input box and kind of smiles at the stupidity of the technical problem. He pushes a few of the inputs off, then presses the button for the main microphone input. He taps the microphone. Nothing happens. He finds this strange, then he looks at the mike and notices it's off. Then, he flips it on. He hears the sound of it turning on pop on the speakers.

There is now heavy banging on the door, and the principal is shouting for Martin to let him in/for martin to come out.

Martin is calm, he makes himself comfortable, and sits at the microphone.

MARTIN

Hi everybody. It's Martin. I told you, Mrs. Shell, that it was an emergency. See...? And Principal Rainwater, or should I say... (looks at a piece of identification sitting on the desk) Mitch... please stop banging on the door. You are really testing my patience... sir.

The principal continues to bang.

MARTIN

I have decided to take this opportunity to offer a simple

reminder to my fellow students. Something must be done about how we are treated at school. Why have we not done anything about it? We have tried. We have tried communicating with our teachers, our parents, counselors... But, there is a point where we have to draw the line though. When enough is enough, sometimes things have to be turned up a notch in order to accomplish anything significant. I will leave the rest of the demonstration in your hands, and I pray for the best to come of the school. I apologize for the disruption. But... this is the way it goes sometimes.

The principal continues to bash at the door, shout, and scream.

Adrien takes the sword from the wall and destroys a window in the room.

Beth looks up to him as some sort of heroic savior.

Adrien reaches down toward her and rescues her, they escape through the window.

Mrs. Shell is petrified, in a state of terror, running out and down the hallway, out of the school and away.

Martin exits through a window and runs away, cautiously-yet-carelessly. He runs off into the distance. The shot is through the office window.

TITLE OVER SEQUENCE/IMAGE

INT. SECLUDED ANNEX - MIDDAY

Dr. Ransom grins while he watches Martin on a monitor throughout the introductory segment of the film.

EXT. AN INDUSTRIAL PARK

Martin runs and comes to a chain-link fence. He hasn't the time to run around it. Plus, sirens can be heard and if he goes around it, he'll pass by the road, and the cops might see him. So, he climbs the fence. He cuts himself on the top of it accidentally. His white dress-shirt is torn a little by it. He jumps down on the other side of the fence and scurries over behind a small shed or warehouse to hide. He watches his blood seep into his shirt for a little bit. Then he pats his sleeve on it, trying to soak it up a little bit

so it dries.

He explores around, kind of aimlessly, afraid of encountering security or something around any corners. It's pretty intense.

Soon, as he's walking around, he starts hearing noises. It begins to sound as if there is someone else around, trying to find him, and like they're very nearby. He keeps cautiously sneaking around buildings and sheds, etc. Then, when he's making his way around one, past a fence, he crouches behind it to catch his breath quickly, and someone sets their hand on his shoulder abruptly. It startles him quite a bit.

It is Eve. He slowly turns and looks up to finally make eye contact with her.

EVE

Don't worry. There's no security.
Not around this part of the place.

MARTIN

Who are you?

Eve unravels the scarf from her face.

Martin then begins to see she looks very familiar.

MARTIN

You... you're that girl they can't find! (Surprised, not knowing how to react)

EVE

I guess they didn't bother to ever say my name in those missing ads? Aren't they supposed to tell you that shit in the news?

MARTIN

Well, they do. I know what you're name is. It's just... (embarrassed) I can't think of it. I even brought you up this morning! (Suck up) I just can't remember your name.

EVE

If you tell me yours, I'll tell you mine. (Suggestive, as she puts her scarf back on more loosely and begins to tinker with Martin's tie)

MARTIN

I'm Martin...

EVE

Eve. It's a... pleasure... to meet you, Martin. (She undoes Martin's tie)

MARTIN

What are you doing...?

EVE

Well, I ran away. (Takes his tie and throws it around his neck loosely so he looks like a guy who just got off work at a corporate job, begins unbuttoning the top part of his shirt, she looks up at him) So I'm doing whatever the fuck I want.

Martin says nothing. What he meant to ask was what she was doing to his tie. He is a little uncomfortable talking to her though.

EVE

Now... I get to ask you a question. What the hell is a Catholic schoolboy like you doing with a bloody shirt, sneaking around an industrial park during a school-day...? I mean, not to be rude... I do enjoy company.

MARTIN

Never mind that. I just need to not get in trouble.

EVE

Oooh... trouble... Well, now you have to tell me. So you are supposed to be in school learning about how God made grass green. What did you do to end up here instead?

MARTIN

I just... was really annoyed...

EVE

Uh oh. You didn't use the Lord's name in vein did you! Tisk, tisk.

MARTIN

I got pissed off and I had felt that way for a while. You know? You can only hold it in for so long...

EVE
I wouldn't know. I don't suppress my emotions.

MARTIN
Hey, do you want me to tell you this or not?

EVE
Alright. Go on. I think I get you so far.

MARTIN
Anyway, well, I was starting to feel like I needed to do something about the way I was treated at school because they...

Eve listens while he speaks.

FADE as Martin tells her the story, to suggest he's telling her the whole story, without having to re-establish everything that's already been shown.

CUT

INT. SECLUDED ANNEX - MIDDAY

Dr. Ransom watches them talking on his screen(s). He's interested.

EXT. AN INDUSTRIAL PARK

Enter back, mid-conversation

EVE
I was living with my father...

MARTIN
So, what made you decide to... you know... leave...?

EVE
He was a drunk. Fuckin' drunk came stumbling in every night... and I never know what he's gonna do when he's drunk... which is all the time now.

MARTIN
That sounds... (not knowing how to react) really bad...

EVE

Hey! (Defensive) I love him OK! You
just don't know... (hostile)

Martin does not know what to do, so he sits and does nothing, frozen, confused.

There is a pause while Eve thinks of how to behave.

EVE
I just don't think you should be
talking about what's good and bad.
OK...?

Martin looks at Eve and nods. He does not exactly know why he's nodding, so he doesn't say anything, and has a blank expression.

EVE
Hey! (As if nothing happened just
then) The cops will probably be
coming through here.

MARTIN
Yeah... (Adjusting to Eve's harsh
transition from anger to normal) Oh
yeah, especially if I was running
through like mud and snow.

EVE
Here... we can go this way. (Begins
to take off, waves Martin over) I'll
show you something when we can get
out.

MARTIN
Alright. (Gets up and begins walking
after her)

Eve starts going faster.

SEQUENCE: Martin starts sort of running after her and catches up and they run with each-other around the industrial park, Eve leading the way mostly, but it's kind of free none-the-less. For instance, although she's leading what direction they're headed, and she initiates most stops they make, Martin might go one way around a pole or small structure, while Eve goes around the other side. By the time they reach the exit, they are both taking the same sides of things. This is symbolized best in the concluding shot of them walking together through the same exit opening. It's an example that not only have they developed a closeness (same side) but that it was inevitable (only one exit for the both of them to go through)

EXT. CITY STREETS - MIDDAY

MARTIN

Hey, do you know where we're going?

EVE

Of course. I told you I was going to show you something. I just can't remember exactly where it was.

MARTIN

Uh-huh. Well what was it that you were going to show me?

EVE

My stash.

MARTIN

Your stash...? (Startled, concerned)
Of what? Look, I don't need to be in more trouble than I've already gotten myself into.

EVE

Calm down. (Pulls Martin over behind a corner into an alley)

MARTIN

What do you mean calm down? What did you pull me over here for?

EVE

I'm trying to talk to you. I can tell that you're feeling like you're going to get in trouble.

MARTIN

I already am in trouble...

EVE

How so...? You're not in trouble till they catch you and you allow yourself to feel bad about it.

MARTIN

Of course I'm not going to feel good if they catch me.

EVE

Well, then you're just giving in. That's their whole point in trying to catch you. They want you to think that what you did was wrong. Was it? Are you going to allow them to force

you to think you were wrong?

MARTIN

Well, if they catch me...

Eve smacks Martin in the face mid-sentence.

EVE

They haven't caught us yet. So let's see how much fun we can have avoiding them!

MARTIN

Is this a game for you? (Rubbing his cheek)

EVE

That's it, Martin... Martin--i.

MARTIN

Please don't call me that.

EVE

Martini! Martini! Mr. Martini! La la la. Martini!

MARTIN

You enjoy this...? (Trying to ignore Eve's dancing about and making fun of his name) How can you not be as nervous as hell? What if someone came in here right now and just cuffed us. They could. They might as well. I mean, I don't even know why I'm trying to avoid it. It's inevitable. We're going to get caught. You are too. Not just me. We -- both of us -- are going to get caught.

(Shot of this conversation on Dr. Ransom's monitor)

EVE

Maybe. Maybe not. Maybe so. Maybe not. But, Mr. Martini, regardless of whether or not we will be caught, we have not been caught yet. (Leans toward martin seductively, stroking him) Why act like you've been caught already if you haven't been caught yet?

MARTIN

Because. It makes sense. We will be

caught. We may as well act like it.

EVE

Well, act as you like, but this may very well be a dream... and you're only making it into a nightmare acting that way.

MARTIN

What are you talking about?

EVE

Well, if you are going to just assume the worst about everything all the time, then that's probably what you're going to get.

MARTIN

Oh, so what am I supposed to assume... that I'm going to set off the alarms at school when there's no fire, lock the principal out of the office and escape through the back window... and then they're going to come and thank me for what a wonderful job I did.

EVE

Well, if we're making up stories, that's kind of boring.

MARTIN

We're not making up stories! That's really what I did! That's not what's going to happen, but I did do that stuff. And now I'm going to get in trouble for it.

EVE

I know. I believe you did all that and stuff... but I just thought that maybe the teachers could all turn into fish and all the police started getting beamed into outer-space or something.

MARTIN

What the hell are you talking about? We're not making up stories here! This is what's happening!

EVE

If you want to be so boring about it, sure. Have fun sitting around in

some alley waiting for the cops to come bust you for some minor crime.

MARTIN

I'm not the one who chose the alley.
(Almost smirks, and then goes back to a serious expression)

There is a short pause.

EVE

If you want to be so boring, maybe you'll understand it through a cliché...

MARTIN

Oh stop accusing me of being so boring. I can be interesting. I'm just pissed off when I'm bloody in an alley, like you said, waiting for the cops to come find me... unless someone else gets me first.

EVE

No, maybe I could just make what I'm trying to say more simple somehow.

MARTIN

That you could.

EVE

Alright. How's this... it's kind of like that thing with the glass. Is it half-full or half-empty?

MARTIN

Tell me how I'm supposed to answer that question right now... in a way that makes sense... that doesn't make me sound like a pessimist.

EVE

Well... let's say your answer is that you see it as half empty. That sort of sounds like you're depressed... but no! Turn it around. Maybe the other half of the glass is highly-poisonous, deadly toxic waste that would kill you if you had a whole glass of it. Good thing half of it is empty!

MARTIN

That's a horrible analogy.

EVE

Don't you sort of get my point though...? Sure, the situation sucks! I agree!

MARTIN

I agree too. It took you a while.

EVE

Come on. I know it's not fun... but at least give me a chance.

MARTIN

I gave you a chance and you started to talk about... fuckin' fish teachers and aliens or some shit like that.

EVE

OK. That was not the best way to explain what I'm trying to say. That just has to do with how I sometimes lose track of logical thinking.

Martin looks at Eve with interest, but skepticism.

EVE

I know it's hard, but you should be doing everything you can to make it better. That makes sense so far... doesn't it?

MARTIN

A little bit. I think I understand what you're saying...

EVE

Well, then, if the situation is bad, don't think of the situation. That will just cause you to think it's even worse.

MARTIN

It's just kind of impossible for me to not think about what's happening right now.

EVE

That's the thing, is that you think you're thinking about what's happening, but you're thinking about what could happen. You're thinking about what happened, and then what will probably happen because of it.

MARTIN

Well, yeah. It's just hard for me not to think about that.

EVE

Just try to do something else. It's like that cliché thing with the glass again.

MARTIN

Please, don't tell me about the toxic acid or whatever it was you said was in it before.

EVE

No, that was pretty stupid. No, what I mean, now, is that you can think of it as half-empty... which would be like 'the cops are going to get me' ... or you could think of it as half-full, which is more like 'they haven't gotten me yet'

MARTIN

It just seems like I'm setting my 'it could be worse' bar kind of low... but I guess I get what you're saying.

EVE

Right. Good. (Crosses arms and looks around)

Martin is still on the ground, thinking. Eve is standing, anxious to go somewhere. There is a short pause as Martin absorbs his life lesson from Eve.

EVE

Now get the fuck up, man! Let's get outta here! (Playful, kicks off of Martin to get a head start around the corner, out of the alley)

Martin gets up and quickly follows her around the corner.

Immediately after they're out of the alley and they turn the corner, they unexpectedly bump into Bruno from school. He startles them (and hopefully the audience). He's larger, or a more muscular guy.

MARTIN

Bruno...! (Surprised, confused, not knowing whether to be defensive or outgoing) What are you doing here?

Eve is frozen to the side in a sort of awkward stance, not wanting to interfere, but unsure of the relationship between these guys. She is in the background, between the two guys during the shot, kind of hunched over with her hands out and up, with her head turned up and her eyes wide, or at least one of them, shifting back and forth between the two guys as they converse.

BRUNO

Martin. Oh, you shouldn't be out here. They're looking for you.

MARTIN

Who? Who's looking for me?

BRUNO

Everybody, Martin. They think you started it.

MARTIN

Everybody? Started what?

BRUNO

When people started breaking things when you got on the microphone. And they said there was no fire and got mad because you set off the alarm when there was no fire...

MARTIN

Oh shit. People started breaking things?

BRUNO

Oh yes. Lots of things. And then even though there was no fire, they started a fire in the art room and then there was a fire.

MARTIN

Oh... (Very concerned and getting nervous)

BRUNO

Now there are some classmates that are trying to look for you and the people who broke things and made the fire in the school so they can turn you in to the police. I will not do that though.

MARTIN

Thank you, Bruno. (Stunned, not knowing how to react) Um. Do you

know where they are?

BRUNO

No. They are looking for us. Even me. I do not like school and I broke the desk because many other people were breaking things too. Then I heard they were looking for us so I started running away.

MARTIN

Alright, Bruno. You watch out. I have to go run too.

BRUNO

OK. (Salutes and smiles, having fun with all the chaos, unable to grasp the fullness of its threat) Aye-aye captain!

Martin nods as he takes Eve by the wrist and gives Bruno a fake smile to say goodbye.

Bruno stands there with his hand over his eyes, saluting Martin.

This signifies that there are some people who really do look up to Martin, and he realizes it now as he makes a break for it with Eve.

EVE

What was that all about! What did you do? (while running along with Martin, sideways/backwards because he's got her by the wrist)

MARTIN

I already told you what I did. It sounds like some people took it as a chance to act out though. So now there are all these people who think I was trying to initiate violence.

EVE

Could you let go of my wrist? (Still running sideways)

MARTIN

Yeah, sorry! (lets go of Eve's wrist, while he keeps running)

EVE

So what did you say on the loudspeaker thing then?

MARTIN

I just said that it was time to do something instead of sitting around and doing nothing.

EVE

Well, then you didn't tell anybody to do anything bad.

MARTIN

Not specifically, no. But what's done is done, and people thought they needed to act violently to get through to authority, so they did.

EVE

But you didn't.

Martin takes a turn into an alley, Eve follows.

MARTIN

No, but it looks like I was the cause of it... which I probably was.

There are some students, Devin (Dev) and Lucy, in a nearby alley, running with some rope. They pause to listen as they hear the footsteps of Martin and Eve running, as well as Martin's voice.

DEVIN

Lucy! You hear that? (Stops and hushes Lucy)

Martin slows down to a halt and sticks his hand out so Eve does the same. They crouch.

EVE

What is it?

Martin gestures for Eve to hush and follow him. He also nudges in the direction he heard the voices come from, to suggest that they should avoid them.

An overview can be seen on Dr. Ransom's monitor.

There is a scene of both sides (Martin/Eve and Devin/Lucy) sneaking around in crowded corridors. Suspense builds up. Eventually, just when they had almost gotten away, Devin and Lucy come up from behind and, quietly-yet-promptly, rope them up before they can even react.

INSERT DIALOG BETWEEN MARTIN, EVE, DEVIN
AN LUCY AS THEY START TO MARCH THEM OUT
OF THE ALLEYS TOWARD DAYLIGHT, WHERE

THEY CAN BE SEEN AND BROUGHT TO THE
POLICE.

Then, Adrien comes to the rescue, with his sword, and Beth. They escape. Eve shows them a place (now she remembers) which she assumes will be safe for some time. She has a stash of tea there.

A little hut out in the forest. They make some tea over a small fire they start, in a pot that eve has, and they disperse it in little cups that she has hidden there as well. She offers them sugar, honey, and also some creamers she takes from her pocket/inside her undershirt.

** There's a little bit of tension built up over long conversation. Eve eye-flirts with Adrien. Adrien semi-eye-flirts back, but holds back, not knowing how to act exactly, even though he likes it a little. Martin, after a bit, catches on, and goes from heavy involvement in the conversation, to eye-jealousy/defensiveness. Beth, had, perhaps from the beginning, been trying to sort of catch Martin's attention by acting cute, and not being involved in the conversation much. Later, Martin notices, and points out to the others, that Beth is missing. She must have slipped out while they were all eye-communicating and going from meaningful philosophy to meaningless conversation in the process. **

ADRIEN

Thank you. (Takes a sip) I haven't
had tea in a while actually.

MARTIN

I drink it off and on.

EVE

It's a regular part of my minimalist
diet.

MARTIN

What do you have an eating disorder
or something...

Eve and Adrien make eye contact as Eve ignores Martin's comment.

ADRIEN

It reminds me of something I did...
a few years ago...

MARTIN

What does?

ADRIEN

The tea. The taste of it... it's amazing how certain senses can vividly bring back a memory like that...

EVE

I know what you mean. (Nods and looks up at Adrien. She gestures for him to continue as she takes a sip of her tea)

ADRIEN

Oh. Yeah. Well, a few years ago... or maybe just one or two. Anyway, I heard some people were going to go meet at the park. It was really late at night though. My dad was on a business trip or something, but my mom was home. So, she would really flip if it was like one in the morning and I wasn't there. I mean, it's not like she creeps around and makes sure I'm asleep in my bed at one in the morning, but I don't know... you know, if she needs to go to the bathroom and walks by my room... parents do things like that... like 'I might as well peek in his room to make sure he's not jerking off or something' or whatever. Anyway... maybe I'm just paranoid... So, what happened was I wanted to go to the little late-night or early-morning get together thing... but I didn't want to do anything against my mom's wishes... at least not with her noticing... and I didn't want to do anything like... bad... you know, she's my mom. I'm not going to be mean to her. So I decided, since I know she likes to have herbal tea around bedtime, and that she likes to read and then fall asleep reading and sipping her tea and all that... I made some herbal tea for her, and I thought I might as well make some for myself too. But, the thing is, I decided to spike her tea with sleeping pills. I brought it up to her and brought her her book. She was very flattered, since I never do nice shit like that randomly. Let's just put it this way. I gave her the

wrong mug, accidentally. I fell asleep outside that night.
 Super8mm Sequence, perhaps in place of monologue. It turns out it wasn't the night of the thing anyway, and it was the next day. The next day his mom just let him go, but it was fun sleeping in the park anyway he says

MARTIN

What if you could see everything at once? I mean, like, and it wouldn't be overwhelming.

ADRIEN

You mean everything, like, in the universe... or in the world... ever? Or... what?

MARTIN

I don't know... just... everything. And you wouldn't have to pay attention to it all. Like, it's all right there... all at once... Maybe even the past, the present, the future... all at once. From all angles at once. All possible versions of everything that ever existed... everything that exists... and everything that will exist... as well as all that never existed, all that does not exist, and all that never will exist... the known, the unknown, the impossible to know... and... blagh. (Falls over backward with exhaustion)

ADRIEN

Yeah. Man. It would be so much... and so... (semi-chuckle) little... all there. If that even makes any sense. When it comes to this though, I don't even know if sense matters. There are so many other ways to understand something. Sense is only one way through which to conceive.

MARTIN

We would probably just be completely oblivious to almost all of it, even if we did have it all right there... I mean, even when we see, with our eyes, what is right in front of us,

we never take from that image everything that is possible to take from that image. Sometimes, if we are trying to pay attention to detail, we may be able to pick up on more of it, but just imagine what a small segment of the universe that is. One single little thing, as small... or smaller than an atom... can be examined forever and ever... by millions of people... until the end of time... and still, probably, no single person will ever know everything there is to know about that tiny, extremely microscopic piece of whatever it is... that information may not ever even exist.

Eve goes from intense involvement in their conversation to turn her attention to Beth.

EVE

You around these guys a lot?
(Quietly, mostly just gesturing toward the guys, sort of making fun of them with her expression)

BETH

Mhm. (Sips tea)

EVE

Are they always like this?

BETH

Pretty much... (Agreeing with Eve, about how the guys talk sometimes about really far out things, without really even knowing what they're talking about)

EVE

It's interesting I guess...

Beth nods in a kind of sort-of way, agreeing.

CUT back to the conversation between Adrien and Martin, but from an angle where Eve and Beth can be seen in the background, whispering to each-other just a little bit. Perhaps they giggle just a little or smile at one another, then Beth glances over, toward the camera/ the guys, for just a split second, with a look of innocent deviance on her face, but hardly noticeable, especially as the focus of the scene is on Adrien and Martin's dialog.

Cut back to Eve and Beth as the focus for a short bit to show the following:

EVE

Well, I'll listen to them, but I'll just rest my eyes... if they don't mind... (smiles at Beth)

Beth nods to Eve, encouraging her to go ahead and lie down if she wants to. Beth doesn't mind. She's just quietly there.

NOTE: not all of the Beth-Eve dialog has to be spoken verbally. Most, if not all of it, can be shown through expressions and/or body language. Sometimes they may not need to be the central focus. Just for back-up, have takes of their conversation verbally, along with whatever body language they feel necessary. Then do some with mostly body language. Then do some with mostly body language, where they are in the background, and the main focus is actually the conversation between Adrien and Martin.

ADRIEN

You're right. Well, actually, I don't really know if you are, but I just assume you are anyway. It's funny to think about. We might not even have every sense there is to have. And what about on a larger scale? I mean, you're talking about little things, smaller than atoms. Well, we don't really know how little that truly is, but we think of it as small. Anyway, I was thinking about... if someone could, like, see everything... kind of like you were saying... but not even that much. Maybe, say, they had the ability... somehow... to even just see what everyone was doing at the present moment. They could choose who to focus on.

MARTIN

You mean like some kind of universal surveillance system?

ADRIEN

Sort of. I mean, it doesn't make sense... but again... when it comes to this sort of thing... or idea... or whatever... maybe sense doesn't have a place.

MARTIN

No. I know what you're saying... I think. Like, you could zero in on whatever... and see what's going on... like in your head like some kind of telepathic psychic person... or maybe more like a surveillance system on a screen or something.

ADRIEN

Yeah. (Laughs a little) Like the ultimate reality TV, Man.

Inter-cut this all with a few of Dr. Ransom's monitor shots of the scene.

FADE... while Adrien and Martin are laughing and talking and laughing... and thinking... time passes.

MARTIN

Hey... (Looking behind Adrien, concerned)

ADRIEN

What...? (Turns around to look)

MARTIN

Where's Beth?

ADRIEN

Oh shit. (Nudges Eve to wake her up)

EVE

Wha... What? (Gets up, a little interrupted)

Martin is already outside, searching around the cabin.

ADRIEN

We've got to look for Beth.

EVE

Beth... (Gets up a little more and gathers herself a little more) she went somewhere?

MARTIN

Yeah. Well, she's not here anymore. (Standing in doorway, breathing to suggest he just searched around for her)

EVE

Well, I'm sure she's around here

somewhere. (Concerned)

ADRIEN

Beth! (Gets up and runs out of cabin)

Martin hushes Adrien.

MARTIN

We don't want to be found again.

EVE

We just need to make sure they don't find Beth.

Martin and Adrien silently gesture their agreement.

They split to search.

Some of them occasionally call out "Beth" without shouting it... sort of a whisper-yell.

After a while, Eve comes back to their main area with Beth. Eve brings this to the guys' attention.

When the guys return, Beth takes out a knife and holds it up to her wrists.

The guys are very startled.

Before any of them could do anything, she appears to be bleeding from the wrists.

As soon as they run to her, and are shocked, Beth is giggling.

Once they have approached her, she rolls over, hysterically laughing.

Both the guys look over toward Eve.

Eve is cracking a smile, and she begins laughing too.

The guys, at first frightened, then mad... begin to lighten up. Adrien first.

Eve has to approach Martin, and with the help of Adrien and company, begins to lighten up too, after a few pats on the back.

They split up and go their separate ways after a little bit of fun... Eve and Martin take one path, while Adrien and Beth take another.

MARTIN

I'm just wondering why you'd do that.

EVE

Do what?

MARTIN

Play that trick on us.

EVE

I didn't play the trick on you guys. Beth did.

MARTIN

Oh, and she came up with that idea without any support. (Sarcastically)

EVE

Couldn't she?

MARTIN

Well, OK. She could. But she wouldn't. She has some insecurities.

EVE

I know. Alright. I helped her. I think that's all she needs. She just needs to be able to do stuff like that. Like everyone else.

MARTIN

Like everyone else? Nobody needs to be doing that. You scared the shit out of me.

EVE

What I mean is... well. You say she's got insecurities. Everyone has fucking insecurities. Don't even get me started on your insecurities.

MARTIN

My insecurities?

EVE

I said don't get me started.

MARTIN

Whatever. (Shrugs it off, allowing Eve to continue)

EVE

If you didn't think she was so

insecure, then would you still have suggested that she needed support in order to something silly like that?

MARTIN

I don't know. It's just her personality is all.

EVE

She's nice.

MARTIN

I know she's nice. I said nothing about her not being nice.

EVE

Then what is it about her personality that makes you think she wouldn't do that?

MARTIN

That's exactly it. She's nice. Nice people don't fuck around like that.

EVE

Yeah. Right. Well, you just saw it happen. So you better believe nice people fuck around like that... I'm a nice person.

MARTIN

Sure... (Sarcastically)

EVE

What? (Playing along with sarcasm)
And I fuck around all the time.
(Dancing around)

MARTIN

Well, I can't say that's not true.

EVE

Way to stand up for your beliefs,
Mr. Martini.

MARTIN

I told you not to call me that.
Nobody calls me that.

EVE

Well. I'm a nonconformist.

MARTIN

Really? I never would have guessed.

(Sarcastically)

EVE

As I was saying... you should really stand up for yourself more. You just told me that nice people don't fuck around, and it only took me a few words to convince you otherwise.

MARTIN

Alright. I'll try to keep that in mind.

EVE

Right. Otherwise, you'll never be able to say "I'm a man of my word!" and mean it. (When she says "I'm a man of my word!" she sort of acts it out, perching herself, showing her muscle and all)

MARTIN

Is that all for my insecurities? I just don't know how you know about any insecurities I have if you haven't even known me for a day.

EVE

I can read people pretty quickly like that.

MARTIN

Well then you're generalizing.

EVE

No. I just have my own opinions.

MARTIN

Well, just because something is your opinion doesn't make it true. I'm just curious though, what you could possibly think my securities are, considering you only met me a few hours ago... at the most.

EVE

Don't you think I have any insecurities?

MARTIN

I asked you first.

EVE

I'm not asking what you think they

are. I'm just asking if you think you know of any... that I have...

MARTIN

Yeah. I mean, I don't know... but I can make some assumptions. I don't hold anything against you or anything...

EVE

OK. I'll tell you what I think your insecurities are if you promise to tell me what you think mine are.

MARTIN

I don't know...

EVE

Then I don't know if I can tell you what I think your insecurities are.

MARTIN

Then maybe I don't need to know.

EVE

Maybe you don't. (Folds her arms)

There is a spiteful, but almost playful-seeming sarcastic silence, yet somewhat suspenseful and spiteful one, as both characters really want something from one-another, but that they have just sort of "agreed" not to exchange for their own "benefit" in a way. They still want it. There is a sort of anticipation for it.

Eve stops walking suddenly. Her somewhat playful spite turns to a realization, Martin is keeping something from her. He thinks something about her that he's not telling her.

Martin stops to turn and look over at Eve when he notices she's stopped.

*EVE

There's a side to me -- that you can see -- but that you do not know.

MARTIN

What is it now? (A bit more aggressive than maybe he intends to come off being)

It takes Eve a little to respond.

EVE

You. (Building up her aggression)

You think I'm..._____ !!!

Martin doesn't know whether to argue or be nice or what. He kind of confused-panics.

They split (Symbolize by putting something between them. It gets more intense. More and more.) Then it shows the things they do while separate.

Martin breaks down and tears his clothing, indicating his desire to break free from the boundaries he's restricted to, particularly those set by authority at school, and perhaps home, but society in general. Otherwise he'd not be in the position he's in.

Eve sits and sulks, pretending she's fine, in a window sill somewhere. After a while, she notices some things outside, people looking for Martin. Maybe police even cars patrolling. She, at first, pretends like she doesn't notice or care. Then she begins thinking and it's too much for her. She needs to help Martin, and she gets up to leave for him. CUT-AWAY? (Possible time to cut to some segment) Luckily, Martin is still there when she comes blowing back through. She abruptly runs in and grabs him, trying to pull him along. He is startled.

Possibly, they are chased down the rails toward the gazebo.

They are cornered, but then Eve begins pulling Martin over the edge, into the marsh.

CUT (Suggests she's convinced him to go over the edge, as it's their only option)

INT. EVE'S HOME

Martin is drying/ changing into some other clothes.

Eve is doing something, but it is not apparent what.

They are both trying not to be payed attention to.

It is quiet.

Eve stops doing what she's doing, but continues not to pay attention to Martin to give him privacy. Now she looks more like she is about to speak.

Martin is in the process of finishing getting dried and clothed.

EVE

We have to get out of here soon.

MARTIN
Alright. I'm about done. (Finishes
quickly and walks toward her)

They walk out of the scene.

CUT

EXT. AGAINST AN URBAN STRUCTURE

Sedmikrasky-style, straight-on conversation long-shot.

At first, a door separates Eve and Martin. They look into the distance. They look uncertain, but content. There's a bit of time before the dialog begins.

EVE
You were right.

MARTIN
About what?

EVE
We're going to be caught eventually.

MARTIN
You were more right though.

EVE
More right?

MARTIN
We haven't been caught yet.

EVE
We are both right.

MARTIN
Do two rights make a wrong?

EVE
I hope so.

MARTIN
Why?

EVE
That way, every single thing I do
wrong counts as two things that are
right.

MARTIN
That's an interesting way to look at
it.

There is a pause.

EVE

I know you know why we had to leave
my place so fast.

Martin chooses his words and looks over, up at her to agree silently.

There is a pause. Eve walks over, crossing over to Martin's side of the door, to sit by him. Still there is some silence. Martin, still, gazes into the distance.

Eve is looking down, not quite at Martin, but almost. She begins crying, silently.

Martin senses that she is crying and takes his attention from the sky, to Eve.

Eve looks up at him. There is a dark streak of make-up from a tear that's run down the surface of her skin.

EVE

I'm sorry... it's just that I don't
know what to do. I love my dad. Or I
loved him... but I just can't
anymore...

Eve moves closer to Martin.

Martin carefully speaks very concisely.

MARTIN

You don't have to.

There is some suggestion that they will elope, Eve onto Martin when...

8mm childhood footage w/ voice-over. Youth...

EVE

When I was little kid, I used to do
stupid things. I remember... my dad
would take me along in the car to go
shooting sometimes. On the way
there... or on the way back... we'd
stop at gun store to get all his
things. One time, he got some
arrows. I don't know. The first
thing I did was take one of the
arrows... you know, they're so
sharp... and while he stopped in at
his next stop... the liquor store...
I poked the car seat. I found out

just how razor-sharp those arrows were when I hardly tapped the leather and it just went on through, with complete ease. Well, I didn't even think about it, and I just did it again. I almost went into a trance until he came back... It just went in and out and in and out and in and out... and I was just barely touching it. When he got back, I was like... whoa, I just did that. As soon as he opened that door, I started balling, and I dropped the arrow. Of course, he immediately started ripping into me as soon as he saw what I'd done. Thank god he didn't do to me what I did to the seat... (a chuckle that suggests she doesn't want to talk about that part of the story, the abusive part)

MARTIN

When you're a kid, I guess you just do stuff like that though... you know...? I did things like that too.

EVE

Oh yeah?

MARTIN

I'm trying to think... yeah. I remember one time when I saw a loose piece of wallpaper.

EVE

Uh oh.

MARTIN

What?

EVE

I can see where this is going.

MARTIN

Yeah. It was, I believe, at my pre-school... or kindergarten. I just pinched it and peeled it back a little. That was easy. So, I pulled it back again... Then, I started just pulling. I took it all. It all came off. I just held it and walked around the room until the walls were completely naked.

EVE
Did you get caught?

MARTIN
I don't remember... I think so. I
can't remember. It may have been my
mom when she came to pick me up
right then... or my teacher. I'm not
sure.

EVE
Maybe it was both.

MARTIN
Yeah... I don't remember. But that
was then.

CUT back to regular scene.

They are all done.

Eve wipes the smears of make-up off as best she can.

EVE
Want some pie? (Pills, pie, pills,
pie, flicker, flicker, pills, pie)

INT. DR. RANSOM'S LAB

Eve and Martin look around.

Everything seems empty.

There is a noise in the distance.

Martin looks down a hallway with a closed door at the end.

Martin wanders away from Eve, down the hallway, toward the
door.

Eve notices Martin going another direction and turns to
follow him.

Martin slowly opens the door the sound came from, at the end
of the hallway.

Strange equipment, toys, books and things are arranged
strangely all over the place.

Martin follows all the things, down to a corner...

Eve follows Martin.

Martin slowly turns the corner.

Eve cautions him, and is hesitant... as she turns the corner as well.

Martin stands in awe, staring at Dr. Ransom.

Eve stands behind Martin, staring as well, and she looks at Martin, and his face.

The lighting is unusual, almost all of it from technical equipment, toys and miscellaneous decor.

Dr. Ransom's monitor shows the shot that the camera has, of the two standing behind him.

Dr. Ransom, then, turns around in his chair to face them.

DR. RANSOM

What brings you here, boy? (Grins)

MARTIN

Dr. Ransom? (Shocked, almost speechless, expressionless)

DR. RANSOM

That certainly is me, isn't it?

EVE

You know him? (Looks at Martin)

MARTIN

... Yes. (Martin is still staring at Dr. Ransom, and then he slowly looks around, in wonder, at all the things that surround him)